

YOUNG SETTLER



BY PHIL STRONG



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YOUNG SETTLER

BY PHIL STONG

Did you ever know a horse with a sense of humor? You never knew Euclid. She was a big rangy horse, kind of reddish in color. She always seemed to be smiling. When she thought she was going to race she did all she could to look as if she couldn't possibly do it, and so she fooled people.

It was in 1837 when there were lots of horse races. Euclid won from every other horse. She belonged to Hi, who was eleven years old. When Hi's father decided to move west Hi was glad for then he could see some real Indians. One of the first things Hi did when he got to Ioway was to win a race against an Indian. He also won a race with the fur trapper and the Indians named him "Small-one-who-rides-on-the-wind." He was made a Brave. When some white men want to make the Indians move off the land it was settled by a horse race, and of course, Euclid won the race. And so, Hi was made a Chief of the tribe.

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YOUNG SETTLER



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Story by

PHIL STONG

Pictures by

KURT WIESE



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1938

BOOKS BY
PHIL STONG and KURT WIESE

YOUNG SETTLER
HIGH WATER
NO-SITCH: THE HOUND
HONK: THE MOOSE
FARM BOY



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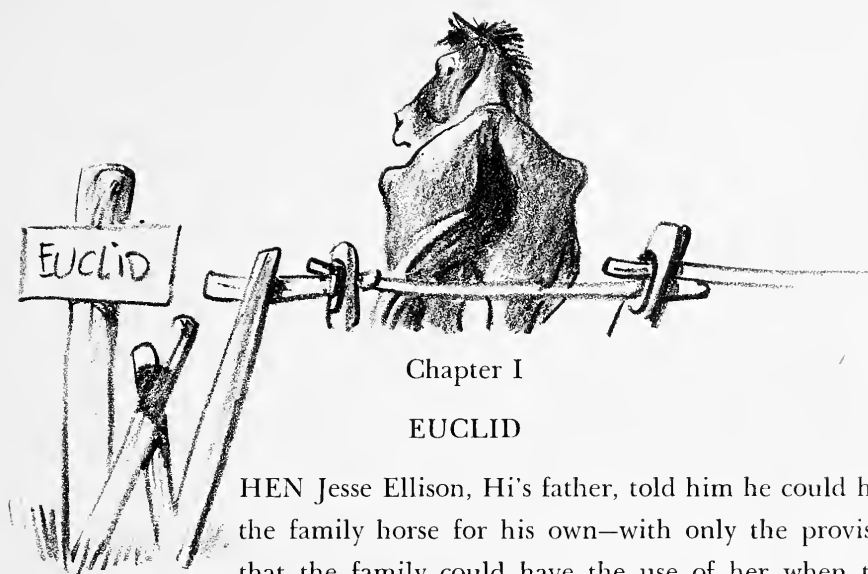
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Chapter I

EUCLID

HEN Jesse Ellison, Hi's father, told him he could have the family horse for his own—with only the provision that the family could have the use of her when they needed her—Hi sought for something to do for his father in return. Mr. Ellison was a surveyor and his favorite book was called *Euclid* (for a man who wrote geometry), so Hi changed Nellie's name to Euclid. Hi's feeling about running errands on Nellie and harnessing, grooming and feeding her changed immediately. He had always liked Nellie because she was a humorist but she had been a lot of work—now she was his own horse and he had a right to take care of her. That made working on her different.

Euclid was a big, rangy, Kentucky mare with a ridiculous coat that looked like a carrot-top's hair—all right for people but odd for horses. She had a perpetual smile and she could look shrewd enough when she was



shaking hands for an ear of corn but when she went over the little bridge that led to the camping grounds outside Merkumville, Ohio, she knew she was on her way to race and she always looked as if she did not know enough to hurry into the barn out of a rainstorm. She spread her hooves, which made such a long-legged horse look knock-kneed. Her lower lip drooped as if she were too tired to hold it up. She rolled her eyes and seemed to be wall-eyed.

It was 1837, in Western Ohio, and there were plenty of strange horses



to race with, for it seemed as though everyone in the East were going West to settle farms and make towns in Michigan, Illinois and what are now Wisconsin and Iowa. These last two were both part of Wisconsin Territory then, though Iowa was already called Ioway for an Indian tribe that had lived there before the Sauks and the Fox Indians drove them out.

The races usually were held on Saturday afternoons because a great many of the settlers going through considered it wrong to travel on Sunday and settled down for the day on the Merkumville campgrounds.

Horse racing was the same to America then that baseball is now. It was as usual to race your horse then as it is now to be on the high-school baseball team. There were two reasons for this. First of all, everyone had a horse because horses and boats were the only means of travel. There were a few railways in the East but a good many people still thought they were too new-fangled and dangerous.

The other reason was that Americans have to have a sport and as yet they had no baseball nor football as sports for crowds—nor golf, except in a very small way.

Hi's father had taught Hi's eldest brother, Ed, to be a surveyor, too. Ed was twenty and a man, but the other brother, Hal, was only fifteen and still young enough to pay a little attention to eleven-year-old Hi, especially in the matter of racing. Hi was much lighter for Euclid to carry and, though Hal wouldn't admit it, Hi was a better rider.

One Saturday in September Mr. Ellison and Ed were out settling an argument between two farmers about where their farms joined; Mrs. Ellison had gone to a whist party at the preacher's, and Hi was spending a fair afternoon with a book of stories by a New York writer named Washington Irving. His mother said Mr. Irving was quite a writer, so Hi had decided in advance he would be pretty dull, but he thought he would find out anyway. He couldn't leave the house because, as sure as anything, someone would come to get him and Euclid down to race somebody.

Mr. Irving turned out to be not so bad—not so exciting as Mr. Sir Walter Scott, but good enough. Hi toyed with the idea of writing to Mr. Irving and telling him to get some knights and more fighting in his stories but gave it



up as too much bother. There were lots of other writers. Mr. Irving was better than Mr. Dickens, anyway. "Pickwick Papers"! Whew! He'd plowed through the first chapter and wondered why anyone would print it.

Hi's thoughts on really good writing were interrupted by the expected visitation. Hal came back from the campground and with him was Mr. Quimby, the biggest merchant in Merkumville. The clerks had to take care of the shop on Saturdays. Mr. Quimby loved three things—his wife, his bookkeeping and horses. He had a tremendous bass voice and a favorite song:



Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this in-cens-ed God
Shall rend the skies and burn the seas
And fling His wrath abroad!

When Mr. Quimby flung this out of the choir loft on Sundays, Hi and most of the boys of his group would shiver in their seats and begin to review their criminal lives. Most of them would decide they were too far advanced in the matter of telling untruths and adopting poor friendless apples left hanging out in the cold, and similar affairs, to escape the burning seas, anyway, and it wouldn't do any good to worry about it. They



would decide this a little while after Mr. Quimby quit singing, but while he was still singing they thought up a nice way to repent and still do what they wanted to do by deciding to be missionaries to the Indians—scalping, of course, only those that started trouble themselves.

So Hi regarded Mr. Quimby with mixed awe and uneasiness, for while he had often spoken warmly of Hi's riding, he was firmly associated in Hi's mind with rending skies and burning seas and flinging wrath abroad.

Mr. Quimby soon stopped the uneasiness. "Hi, my boy! How are you feeling?" His big voice boomed through the small house and one expected dishes to rattle and pictures to shake. "How's our Nell-Euclid? Are you fit?"

"W—we're all right, Mr. Quimby."

"Then saddle up and come on, son. There's a lawyer from Boston staying the night at the tavern—got the slickest black four-year-old you ever saw. Still, I think that long-legged, play-acting, owl-eyed animal of yours—Giraffe, or whatever it is—would have a chance to outrun a Yankee horse. What do you think?"

Hi set his jaw. "A smart city horse, huh? Euclid and I can show them!"

"Well, well, don't be too sure, son. There's always a faster horse than the fastest one, when it gets to thinking it is. But say, Hi—that Boston lawyer's been talking a lot about his nag. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, as the prophet Jeremiah sayeth. If your seat on Nellie-Euclid—will take him down off the seats of the high and mighty I'll—why, I'll—I'll give you a silver dollar. And—well, I'll give you that hunting knife and the sheath you look at every time you come in the shop."

"Will you give it to me right after I win?" Hi asked eagerly.

The knife had a blade of English steel and the sheath was English leather with patterns made on it. It cost two dollars and the reason Mr. Quimby was so generous was that it had cost him only one dollar, and even if he reduced the price to cost, nobody was going to give him the price of twenty dozen eggs—they were five cents a dozen—for a hunting knife.

"I solemnly promise—now wait, we'll make this legal." Mr. Quimby took out a notebook and went to Mr. Ellison's desk, where there were a quill and ink.

"I solemnly promise," he wrote, "that when, as and if this document is conveyed to one Hiram Ellison, under the condition of his horse Euclid winning a race from a Boston horse, name unknown, but a black filly on



this date present in the town of Merkumville, Ohio, this document is a grant, title, deed and instrument conveying the two-dollar knife known to you and all of you to one Hiram Ellison, to be delivered by any person employed by the firm of Joshua Quimby to the aforesaid Hiram Ellison, presently, upon demand. Signed, *Joshua Quimby.*"

"What about the sheath?" Hi asked, after some thinking.

Mr. Quimby gave Hi a long, thoughtful gaze and Hi turned red.

"My boy, sometime you will make a great businessman." He added, "and sheath" to the paper, after "knife." "I forgot the sheath."

He looked at the paper, frowned and handed it to Hi. "There's only one 'aforesaid' in it but Hal's witnessed it and it would stand up in court. I'd take you down to get the knife myself but there might be some more races."

Hi could almost feel the knife slapping along his leg—but then he had a cold feeling. Euclid had lost one or two races and this might be another one. No! Not with Mr. Quimby on his side, when the victory of the Boston horse might result in his arranging the rending of the skies and the burning of the seas. Then Hi thought of something else. "You didn't put in the dollar."

Hi went out and bridled Euclid. What was Euclid running for, he thought? Euclid didn't know about the knife and didn't care for it. Euclid always did her best but sometimes that was better than at other times. Hi hung the bridle over a hook and turned his horse around to face it. Then he opened the slatted door into the granary and borrowed half a bushel of oats from his father. He poured these into the feed box.

Euclid showed great interest and tossed her head at the bridle.

"When we get back, Euclid—when we get back!"

Euclid set out for the campgrounds impatiently. This was a good sign. She knew about those oats. She was a well-behaved horse and went where she was supposed to go but the big idea she had in her head was that there were a lot of oats in her stall. They were the same to her as buttered popcorn to a man who hasn't had a bite to eat for a week. Euclid had been well fed that morning, but she could always stand another oat.



She tried to race all the way to the campgrounds but Hi held her back. It would never do to let her show any speed before the race. So she started, drooping and rolling her head one way and her eyes the other, clockwise and counter-clockwise, and spraddling her legs and snorting and rearing and acting generally as if she had been dropped on her head



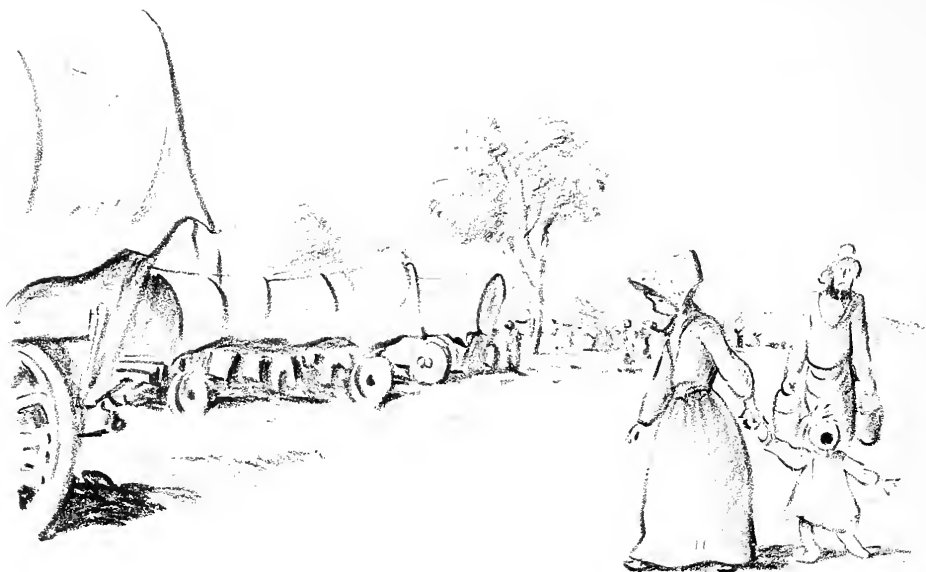
when she was a colt. A yell of laughter went up as they came to the crowd of settlers and townspeople who had heard about the race, but the people who knew Euclid and the ones who didn't were laughing for different reasons. The ones who knew her were laughing at the show she always put on, and the strangers were laughing because they figured she'd fall down in the first hundred yards.

The campground was quite a sight. There were at least a dozen prairie



ships—"schooners," some people called them—with washings hanging out along their sides, and all the men and women and their young'uns glad to be out and stopped for a day of rest, after jolting and pitching in the half darkness of the great canvas covers for a week. The oxen were munching at piles of hay and the horses were tethered to trees near by, nibbling at the scant grass earlier settlers' horses had left.

The place for racing was a half mile of hard-beaten, bare ground,



starting a few hundred yards away from the camp and extending a few hundred yards beyond it. There were nothing but fence posts to mark the start and the finish. Most of the people were at the finish, some were at midcourse, near the camp, and there were a few at the start to see that everything was fair.

Euclid practically somersaulted up to the Start post and lined in position after a bit of hauling and patting by Hi. Hi did not feel quite so sure when his opponent rode up from warming his horse out in the field. The rider was a smiling young man dressed in fancy clothes. He had long sideburns and a very curly mustache.

His horse was blacker than licorice—smaller than Euclid but built of



spring steel, apparently. She shook her head. Hi saw the rippling of the strong neck muscles even under the beginnings of her winter coat. She stamped a forehoof and refused to speak to Hi's horse.

Euclid rolled her eyes some more and snorted and spread out her feet and staggered and got her balance again and shook her head around and nickered.

"How're you, bub? Where'd you find the ostrich?"

"Anyway, I'm, not riding a mouse," Hi said, with great dignity.

"Well, we'll see—we'll see. You all ready?"

"All ready."

"All right, gentlemen."

"Hadn't the kid better take the stilts off his nag?" one of the starting judges asked. He was a stranger.

Judge Sommerville, who had the starting pistol, smiled but didn't say anything. The Boston lawyer was laughing. He doubted very much that Euclid would finish the race and if she did he would be back at the hotel reading by that time.

"Ready!" said Judge Sommerville.

The pistol exploded.

A great deal can happen in a minute, which was almost exactly what it took to run the race. Euclid had to get her long legs to going and the little black horse was twenty feet ahead before Euclid had settled down to the even, effortless lope that suited her anatomy at full speed. The Boston horse was taking three steps to her two and Euclid seemed to be merely wandering somewhere on her long legs when she pulled up beside the black horse and passed her.

The Boston man was crouched down over the neck of his horse delivering a speech when Hi went by. Euclid didn't pass any streaks of lightning only because there wasn't any thunderstorm with lightning for her to race.

"The strangest thing I ever saw," the Boston lawyer said, while he was paying his bet to Mr. Quimby. "That's no animal that's ever been heard of before. It looks like a pickle on toothpicks. I think it's got one of these new locomotives in it. Where'd they go?"

"They went on downtown," Mr. Quimby said. "If you think you saw speed before, you should have seen them going there." Mr. Quimby smiled. "You see, there's a little present I promised Hi if he won this race."



Euclid was stomping to get at those oats but Hi was fixing the handsomest knife in western Ohio on himself. Once he got it fixed he looked around for an Indian to scalp but unfortunately there were no Indians; only Mr. Griswold, from the shop, and though he had a scalp there wasn't any hair on it; also, Mr. Griswold was an old friend of his father's who would certainly report a scalping.

Hi thanked Mr. Griswold and trotted back to the house. It was about time for him to set out to the West, he thought, as he took the saddle and bridle off of Euclid and turned her loose on the oats.

He heard his father's voice. "Hi! Where've you been?"

Hi realized that it had grown to evening. "I just took a ride."

"All right. Come in here when you're through with Nellie-Euclid."

His father's voice was serious. Something wrong! Hi hurried to put the harness on its hooks and then he smacked the horse two or three parting greetings on the hip. Euclid went on eating her oats, with only a glance for Hi.

Mother and Ed and Hal were in the house with Father. Jesse Ellison looked at his youngest son with a glance that was at once severe and amused.

"How'd you come out?"

"We beat him. Look!" Hi showed the handsome knife. "And Mr. Quimby still owes me a dollar."

"Good," Jesse said. "We'll need the dollar. We've decided to go out to Ioway. There isn't so much surveying around here any more but it looks to me like there's going to be lots there pretty soon. How do you like that?"

"They've got Indians out there, haven't they, Dad—they have, haven't they—Indians, haven't they?"

"They have some," Mr. Ellison said.

"Yaaay—yippee! Yaaay! When do we start?"





Chapter II

LITTLE BIG MOUTH



I WAS on the saddle for a month and then almost another month before the family reached the Mississippi River. He was supposed to go ahead on Euclid, with Ed on another horse, and look for easy passes for the big wagon his father drove. The trails were covered with snow and some places there weren't even tracks that had been trails. The big prairie schooner needed room but what it needed most of all was a path. Any little gully might take a day's time. If the wagon couldn't get across, it had to go around the gully and that might mean a long detour.

Hi's horse could jump a stream and climb a bank in no time at all but the wagon was bad on jumping and climbing. It was good on bumping only. It could do that whenever not requested and at all other times.

When they finally reached the Mississippi, the Ellison family ferried across, dodging ice chunks which were too big for any ice box by half an acre, and drove off on the west bank.

"Well," Jesse said, "we're in Ioway." He spoke to the oxen, "Giddap."

That afternoon they came to a trader's store, well up the Des Moines River from Farmington. There was a sign, PHILIP FURSTEN-SUPPLIES, over the door.

The store was only a cabin—an oversized cabin—but it had a porch with a hewn-oak floor covered by a sloping roof of cedar. There were a dozen or so men standing around on the porch, out of the wind and the light flurry of snow which had started up in the early afternoon.



Riding ahead, Hi soon saw the truth. The men were Indians!

But they wore pants and buckskin jackets much like his own. They were interested in him and the wagon behind him but they showed no signs of starting a battle. They said things to each other, briefly and quietly, and pushed up their fur caps to get a better look at the new white people—*chemokemon*—and some of them who were smoking hickory or walnut pipes tapped down the tobacco in the bowls with their fingers to show how excited and warlike they were.

Hi had had a notion of bringing Euclid up at full gallop and waving his knife to show how dangerous *he* was, but in the face of this mildness he merely trotted her up and stared at the Sauk Indians. They paid no



attention to him but they were evidently interested in the horse.

Euclid, seeing a crowd, came to an immediate and incorrect decision. Whenever she saw a crowd it meant a race to her, so as soon as she had stopped she lolled her head and spread her feet and became a lunatic.

The Indians took another look at Euclid and then glanced at each other and made sounds like thoughtful frogs, "Hoongh!" No Indian ever said "Ugh!" though some have said "Unnh" and others "Hoongh," depending on how wild their excitement was. Occasionally one said "Uff!" when he fell off his horse on his stomach.

This attitude made Hi mad. If all they had to say about his horse was

"Hoongh!" they couldn't tell a good horse when they saw one. *His* horse was a *good* horse. Hi jumped off Euclid's back and tossed the reins over her head so she would stay where she was. He went up to the biggest Indian on the porch and pointed at the ponies hitched to the trees around.

He didn't know their language and he knew they didn't know his, so he looked over the ponies, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Hoongh!"

That seemed to pay them back, but instead of starting a war, they all clucked and grinned. The *chemokemon* who owned the store had come to the door by this time, quite comfortable in the heavy brown suit his wife had spun and woven for him from the wool brought up from St. Louis; stained with walnut juice and berries till it was almost the color of Mr. Fursten's own round, pink-brown face. He was older than Hi's father by ten years, but his great shoulders filled the door and when he laughed his chest was as big as a barrel till the laughs got out of it.

"*Ow!*" said the trader, which means "All right" or "Yes" or "Keep quiet!" in Sauk, just as "Yes" means several things in English, depending on one's face. The Indians were all silent but they smiled.

"*Nosah?*" Mr. Fursten asked Hi. Then he laughed again. "I mean, 'Your father?' I talk so much Sauk here I forget."

"He's coming after awhile."

"*Ow. Onipi*—I mean, if you get cold come in and make yourself at home. Settling around here?"

"*Ow,*" Hi said. He wasn't quite certain yet whether it meant "Yes, sir" or "Shut up" but he'd gathered the general meaning of "All right" and he made his face say that anyway.

The Indians all laughed softly, without opening the mouths of their



long, blocky faces. One of them began, "*Neta-pananie! Kugwa-chisawa!*" when the trader interrupted.

"So 'you laugh,' Big Mouth. So—'*kugwa-chisawa*'—he attempts to fly.



Son, can that horse run half as fast as I think she can?"

Euclid rolled up her eyes pitifully and stumbled, standing still. She put her feet still farther apart to keep from falling down.

"Yes, sir," Hi said firmly, "she's the fastest horse in the world."

The Indians said, "Hoongh!"

Big Fursten looked at Hi for almost a quarter of a minute. Then he said to the Indians, in Sauk, "This horse is a fast horse. The son of Big Mouth, Little Big Mouth, would not run a horse against it."

Big Mouth's son, Little Big Mouth, was jostled to the front. He was Hi's age and his big, happy face showed that he didn't want any scalps at this or any other time. "We run," he said. "Ow?"

"Ow," Hi said.



Mr. Fursten clapped his hands for the start and they ran their horses to the corner of the trail, then inside a big willow on the river bank at the creek-mouth, then to the elm with a lightning-struck branch, near the Sauk settlement, and back over the trail to the trader's cabin again.

Euclid had lost interest in the affair when she arrived, winner, by a few hundred yards, of the mile and a quarter or so. She had thought that there would be a race, but Hi had pulled her up to a trot just after she passed that small horse a mile back so that Little Big Mouth could catch up. A mistake! Euclid was dejected. She'd never learn when she was supposed to stay ahead of people and when she was supposed to trot along beside them.

But to her surprise, Mr. Fursten gave her a large handful of maple



sugar and the boss, Hi, patted her neck and said a word in the tone that she had always heard, when she had run ahead of some other horse, far away in Merkumville. The tone was all right but the word was new to Euclid. It was *Ow*.

Euclid quietly worked over a bit of hay the trader had given her, and scrunched at some corn Little Big Mouth's father had brought from the grain cribs of the settlement while Hi was thawing out his face at Mr. Fursten's fireplace, under a big blanket Mr. Fursten had given him for winning the race.

Little Big Mouth had ridden with only a halter. After he had tethered his horse he came in to the cabin to warm up. He stretched out his hand to show that he came in peace.

"*Kaski*—" said Little Big Mouth, with a lot of other sounds.

Mr. Fursten laughed. "He says he couldn't catch you."

"It wasn't your fault," Hi said sympathetically and Mr. Fursten translated. Little Big Mouth laughed and hopped up and down. Then he drew a circle around his feet and put his arm out again, looking far away.

"Do you see?" Mr. Fursten asked. Hi shook his head.

"He means that he went as fast as he could; the circle meant he didn't seem to get anywhere and you were gone a long way; that was what he meant with his hand out. You'll have to learn to talk that way. Little Big Mouth knows some of your speech but you'll have to talk signs till you know some of his."

"*Ow*," Hi said. They all laughed together, without exactly knowing why. "I didn't go so fast—I guess he didn't have the right horse."

When Mr. Fursten told Little Big Mouth this, the young Indian jumped

up and down again. As he hopped he chanted. It was too deep for Hi.

"*Nay—gooteemah—kah-kwe-niah-wahbitagitah-sweena-kah-kweh. Ne—swikahnameda-sweena-sweena.*"

"*Ow,*" said Hi. No one will ever know whether he was speaking Indian or English. "He's right. What did he say?"

"Ten thousand. He meant your horse was that much faster than his."

"I'm glad Euclid wasn't a million times faster. He wouldn't be finished saying *that* yet."

Again Little Big Mouth and Mr. Fursten laughed and then they heard a rattle of wheels and the tread of oxen, outside.

"Brother," said Little Big Mouth, suddenly in English to Hi. "We talk with the tongue of our own people. We do not tell the stranger we know his tongue—he is good—he is bad—we do not know. To talk with one is to be a friend of one—a talker-with-a-friend. I make talk with you."

"*Ow,*" said Hi. "I make talk with you."



Chapter III

HI TURNS INDIAN



LITTLE BIG MOUTH exaggerated when he had said that his people could use the tongue of the *chemokemon*. Chief Keokuk, who lived with the main body of the Sauk tribe, many miles away, could speak English easily but he never admitted it to any white man. Then if he found he had been cheated in any trade with the white man's government he could always say that the interpreter had made a mistake about what he said.

It was on his advice that Big Mouth, Little Big Mouth's father, told only a few good *chemokemon* that he knew their speech. Big Mouth had gone with Keokuk to many councils. Actually, he could speak French, English and Sioux, besides his own Sauk or Fox, but he went on Euclid's principle that it is better not to let a rival know your resources—and it doesn't hurt anything not to brag about them to your friends.

Big Mouth had taught his son. Little Big Mouth had inherited his father's marvelous memory and instinct for languages. Little Big Mouth knew English very well, since his father thought that it was important, and also some German which Mr. Fursten had taught him, and some French. His father had been to many councils in Dubuque, where a great deal of French was spoken.

Big Mouth didn't have a big mouth—the name was a compliment because he was a great orator and said powerful words in council. As a matter of fact, his Indian name meant Great Mouth or Grand Mouth or

Wonderful Mouth. Although Sauk fathers were supposed to be only slightly related to their sons, who were sent to their mother's brothers for teaching or scolding, the tribe knew that it would have to have another great orator sometime. And who could teach one better than Big Mouth? So Little Big Mouth's father was allowed to help train him.

Mr. Ellison's wagon seemed to have made a regular trail into this southern part of Ioway, for all that autumn and till the real winter set in, in January, wagons went past the trader's store almost every week. Log cabins were built all around and Hi's father was busy with Ed every daylight hour, setting down the boundaries of farms.

There were all kinds of people in the Ellison cabin, because in that thinly settled country it was a crime to turn anyone away from the door. Most of them were farmers, looking for a good place in the unclaimed country all around, but some of them were traders on horseback and more and more Jesse was bothered by land speculators—men who intended to take up tracts of land and sell them later at a big profit to farmers who really meant to live on them.

Jesse took them all in alike, fed them, gave them a warm corner to sleep in and was friendly with them, but when the speculators asked him questions about the best land around and where people were moving in he always had the same answer. "No, I wouldn't advise you to sit down here anywhere."

Hi's father never liked to tell anything that wasn't true and he had thought up this statement carefully. The speculators always thought that he meant that it was poor country, but all Jesse had said was that he didn't want to advise them to stay. Nobody has to give advice unless he wants to.

If they had asked him whether it was good country or not he would have had to say that it was.

Jesse had explained to his family and Hi that he didn't like these people. They had no intention of living decently on what they raised or could trade; they wanted to seize parts of the United States that they could sell later to men who intended to work on them and to live on them.

Hi talked over this matter with his friends, Little Big Mouth and Stummick, beside a big fire of driftwood they had made near the frozen river.

Stummick's mother was sentimental; she had called her boy "Sun Body" when he was born. but when Hi had asked him his name he had patted himself in the middle of his front.

"How say?"

"Stummick," Hi said.

"Stummick! Good!"

It had an Indian sound and was shorter than his Fox name.

Little Big Mouth, Stummick and Hi lay beside the big fire telling stories. Both of the Indian boys' uncles had fought against the Sioux and helped to drive them out of Iowa and Hi's father had fought with the Americans who drove out the British in 1813. They were all pleasantly silent about the fact that part of Little Big Mouth's tribe, led by Black Hawk, had been with the British Hi's father fought. Why talk about that? They were good friends now.

After they had all bragged for a long time Little Big Mouth sighed.

"When I have more years I go to chase the Sioux far, far west. Then they will be lost and cannot ever come back." He repeated it in Sauk for Stummick.



"Me, too," said Stummick.

"Ow!" said Hi. "Me, too."

Stummick and Little Big Mouth looked at each other and smiled.

"Not you," said Little Big Mouth. "You are a *chemokemon*."

"I can fight better than any Indian," Hi said indignantly.

What with one remark and another this finally led to a bloody Indian war which has never been put in any history up to this time and is almost too distressing to repeat now. Stummick went out of action at once, holding on to his namesake where Hi had punched it, but Little Big Mouth was a fighter as well as an orator. He and Hi landed on each other's noses at the same time, which was what made the campaign so bloody. With a good deal of trouble they continued to make what were certainly not improvements on each other's eyes and cheeks till they were suddenly stopped by strong hands.

"Pichecka!" said Little Big Mouth, calling the man's name. "My uncle!"

Stummick had caught his breath and all three boys stood looking foolish and feeling more foolish. Pichecka looked at them sternly for a few minutes and then he spoke severely to Little Big Mouth and picked up a stick. The two Indian boys stood like statues without uttering a sound while Pichecka used the stick; and not on their noses. It was not a severe thrashing—it was shame that hurt Stummick and Little Big Mouth, for Sauk boys were almost never whipped and were proud that they almost never needed to be. It was a terrible punishment for them even to have to be sent to their uncles for scolding.

Hi stood courageously in line for his turn—as a matter of fact, it wasn't



such a brave performance because his father's strong right hand had done things behind his back that made Picheeka's little stick seem silly. Also, *chemokemon* boys were more or less expected to indulge in assault and such crimes. But Picheeka merely talked to him.

"He says that he will not beat you," Little Big Mouth translated. "He says that he has sorrow for you. That every day you must wear all clothes even when the sun is hot. That you must do woman's work in garden. Most of all, that you have no uncle to show you what is a good way to act. He says he would not at any time have anything to do with a Sioux."



"I'm *not* a Sioux!" Hi said desperately. "I'm a Sauk!"

Picheeka understood this. He waited for a moment, thinking deeply, and then he picked up the stick again. Hi had never waited for a whipping so eagerly before in his life. Picheeka spoke a few quiet sentences.

"He says in that case he will beat you. He did not know you were a Sauk. He says you must have it in your mind at all times to act like a good Sauk. Now he will beat you!"

Picheeka hit Hi three times so lightly that Hi would have grinned if he had not been too pleased to grin.

“Tell him that after this I will be a good Sauk.”

Picheeka gave an approving “Unngh” when he heard this good news and strode away.

“But see!” said Little Big Mouth, pointing at their noses which had stopped bleeding but still showed signs of warfare. “Now we must truly be blood brothers.” He took Hi’s hand. “Now you are, with no doubt, a Wolf and you are my brother.”

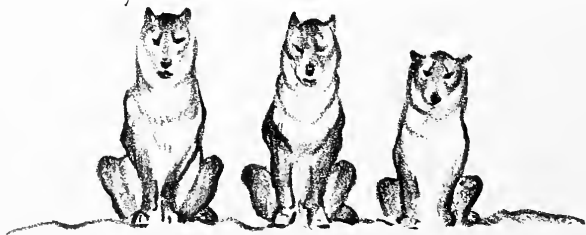
Hi knew about being a Wolf. The related families of the tribes were formed into clans by a complicated system—the Snake Clan, the Bear Clan, the Mink Clan and so on. All serious affairs that concerned one member of a clan concerned all its members. They danced together at religious ceremonies, had their own funeral services when it was required and could not marry inside their own clan.

“I’m a Wolf!” said Hi. “Thanks, Big Mouth.” Then he saw Stummick’s wistful face. “What about Stummick?”

“He is a Wolf brother but not a blood brother. Give me your knife.” Little Big Mouth reached for Stummick’s hand.

“But—couldn’t he be a biff-in-the-stummick brother without—”

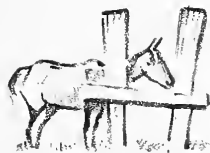
Little Big Mouth told this to Stummick and they both laughed. A minute later they were all blood brothers and Hi had learned that a scratch didn’t mean any more to an Indian than it did to him.





Chapter IV

THE WHITE BUFFALO



I SPENT more and more time with his tribe as the weeks went on. Stummick taught him to set snares and deadfalls and Hi learned to use a bow and arrow almost in one lesson. His father and Ed were away more and more of the time, now, often overnight. Hal was splitting rails for the fences; his mother was busy with the household work and, though Hi didn't know it, he was working, too. He had his chores in the mornings and at evening, but when he thought he was merely having a fine time he was keeping the family in fish, squirrels, quail and rabbits and he had a good string of furs that would help pay the store bill at Fursten's in the spring.

Also, the house was filling up with presents from the Indians—baskets, beautifully glazed clay pots, handsome tooled-leather belts and even whole garments of deerskin and Hi owned some of the best arrowheads the arrowmaker had ever chipped out.

What had happened was this—there was a new fur buyer at Fursten's store one day when Big Mouth and some others were loafing around in the winter sunshine. The buyer had a good chestnut horse, so well-groomed that it was evident that he was very proud of her.

There were two things that the Indians liked particularly—horse racing and bargaining. They all went to the fur shed with Mr. Fursten and the buyer while they dickered over the pelts, and a number were selected to be baled and shipped to St. Louis by boat in the spring. It was a big afternoon, for Mr. Fursten seemed to think that the Queen of England would want every fur he had in the place and the buyer said that they were all badly marked and poorly cured and would probably shed all their hair by spring.

Then, after that was over, there was the question of the deer hides which would be tanned and made into ladies' gloves and soft boots and all the things that require a very fine, soft leather.

When the buyer went to this pile he held his nose and said, "Peeeeyou! All spoiled!" The Indians didn't make a sound. They knew how long and patiently the women had rubbed salt into the hides and that they were in perfect condition—very good hides that cold winter, too.

"That's right," said Mr. Fursten. He turned to Big Mouth. "Sorry, Big Mouth." He knew that Big Mouth knew English almost as well as he did himself but he went into Indian English and did an elaborate pantomime. "No good. Smell bad. You take back."

Big Mouth burst out into furious Sauk and English. "No! She good! Much work for women. Much hunt for men." In Sauk, however, apparently very angry he said, with one eye on the buyer, "We watch and ad-



mire. Fine payment for furs. Now, I suppose, you will say that you will not sell the deerskins, and make him pay much money."

"Yes, I suppose that is what he will say," the buyer said in Sauk. "But by and by, with great sorrow, he will take a payment for the miserable, mangy hides."

Big Mouth was paralyzed. The idea that a St. Louis buyer should speak his tongue had never occurred to him. It had never happened before!

The buyer smiled. "You see, for several years I have bought direct from the tribes west of here."

Philip Fursten was laughing. "Three hundred dollars and no dicker-ing. That's a fair price."

The buyer laughed, too. "Yes, that's fair. I'll take them."

Though their show was spoiled, the Indians laughed, too, at Big Mouth who was supposed to be the cleverest man in the tribe.

Big Mouth was mortified. Keokuk himself had often called him to council. He had made the immortal speech that stirred the tribes against the savage Sioux. Every child knew that speech almost as well as Keokuk's great protest to the encroaching *chemokemon*. Keokuk himself had often spoken good words about Big Mouth's speech and his wisdom. Now he was outwitted by a mere dealer in furs. The story would be all over the camp by night.

He thought desperately as they went back to the trader's porch. He showed no outward sign that he was disturbed and even accepted a pipe of tobacco from the buyer, who knew enough about Indians to know that Big Mouth was deeply cut.

"That horse," Big Mouth said, as he lit his pipe, "she will run?"

The buyer lit his own pipe. "Ow. She will run."



"But not against such horses as ours," Big Mouth said in Sauk, pointing to the tethered ponies.

"Oh, yes," said the buyer. "Even against those."

"No," said Big Mouth, shaking his head, "that wouldn't be fair. I will send for a proper horse; an old, foolish, *chemokemon* horse." He spoke rapidly to one of the others. "Go fetch little White Bear—" which was Hi's tribe name. "Tell him that he must race his old knock-kneed groundhog against a horse which its owner thinks can run. Hurry."

Hi was back in ten minutes with Stummick and Little Big Mouth, all on Euclid. When Hi heard that Big Mouth had referred to his horse as an old knock-kneed groundhog before a stranger, he knew what was expected of Euclid. Even Euclid sensed the excitement and with the assistance of the three boys on her back she was not only idiotic and knock-kneed and wall-eyed but sway-backed when she appeared at the trader's cabin. She came in at a broken, ambling trot, forgetting which foot to put down next till she saw the store porch and then she pulled up and fought her bridle and snorted and dumped Little Big Mouth and Stummick, who were riding in back, neatly into a snowdrift.

Hi helped out. He could ride anything on four feet like a court plaster, but on this occasion he rode stiffly, jouncing and teetering and almost falling off on one side and then on the other and grabbing at Euclid's mane to save himself.



"For goodness' sake!" said the fur buyer. Then he grinned. Big Mouth was trying to get even with him by making fun of his horse. He'd show him.

"Do you want to bet? I'll bet ten dollars against the two best skunk pelts you get this winter. That's more than two dollars to one."

To the buyer's surprise, Big Mouth nodded his head, though sadly. "Yes—if a man runs a horse in a race he should risk his money. Besides," he added, cheering up, "I do not see that your horse is so wonderful."

The fur buyer snorted. "Wonderful! Her father was Eureka, the best trotter in all the country in the East."

"Hoongh!" said Big Mouth. Mr. Fursten could see he was disturbed.

Big Mouth edged Hi aside for a moment. "My nephew," he said seriously, "if you keep the honor of the tribe against this person, then you will be indeed a brave. I promise it. Never has one so young been

a brave. You may sit in council if you wish; you will come to the dances of the Little White Buffalo and sit with the braves. Everyone will say, 'See his smooth face! But he is already a man!'

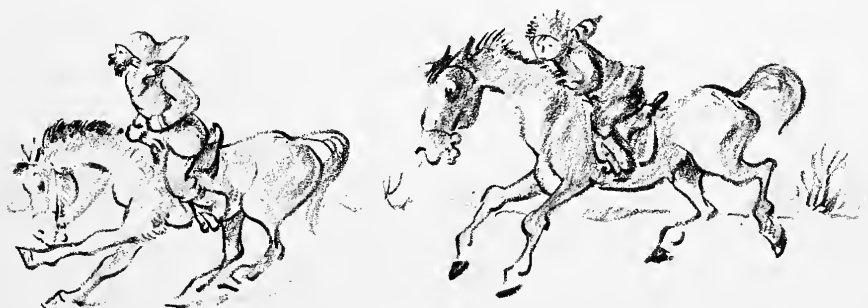
"Golly!" said Hi. For a moment he nearly cried. It was an almost unbelievable honor. Then he remembered that he was a Sauk. "My uncle," he said, "our horse will win the race. She can run swiftly enough, to be sure, but if she should fail I will take her on my shoulders and bring her in faster."

Big Mouth's face softened. "I can almost believe even that, little White Bear. Go, as a Sauk and a Wolf."

The buyer was saying to Philip Fursten, "But the boy—he might be hurt!"

Philip Fursten didn't tell an untruth—he was careful about that, too. "There's snow on the ground—you saw the other boys take a spill, didn't you? The boy's as tough as gutta-percha."

Mr. Fursten clapped his hands for the start and the chestnut leaped out like a cannon ball. She slowed and slipped on the snowy road. She was smaller than Euclid and the buyer weighed at least a hundred pounds more than Hi—a weight she had to carry. The buyer had turned to smile





at Euclid at the start and this had cost him a few yards of this lead. At the half mile by the big willow, Euclid decided to get the thing over with. Her hooves slid in the snow as much as the other horse's but she didn't have to put them down as often with her long, powerful legs.

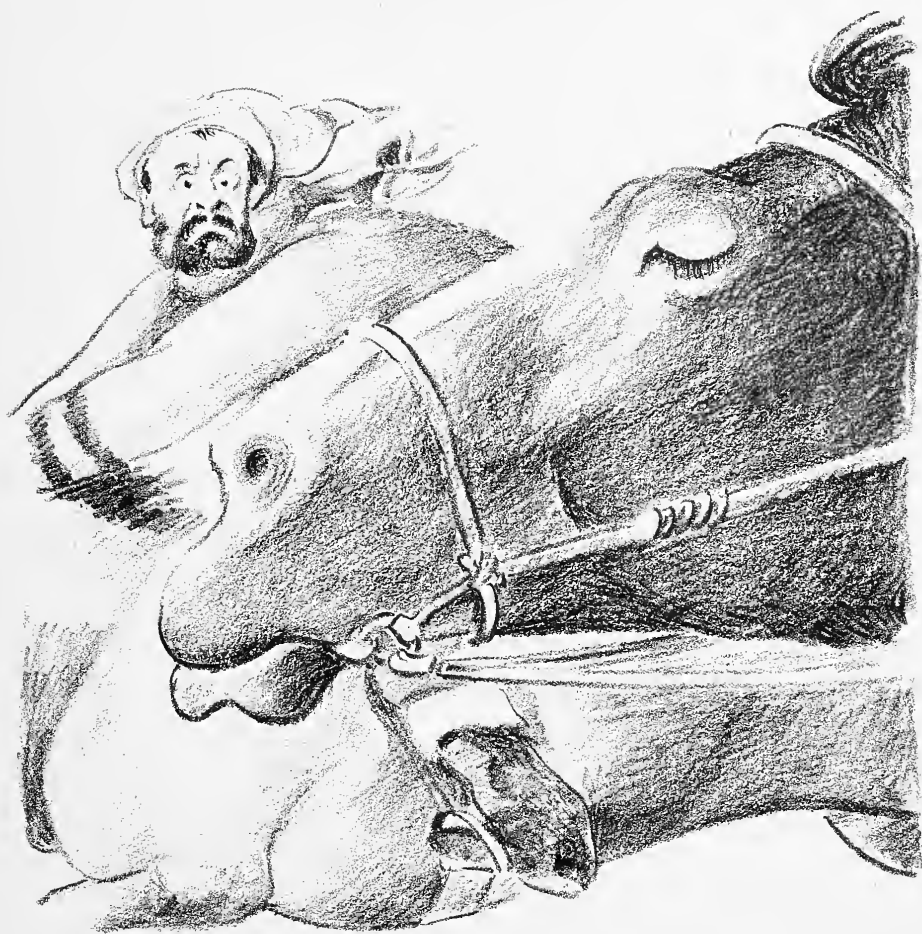
She ran in perfect gait, with Hi crouched over her ears. He seemed to have been riveted to her front shoulders from the day he was born. The buyer could ride, too. When he heard Euclid's feet just behind he slapped his horse on the shoulder and gained more lead for a moment.

But Euclid was merely playing with him. She had given up her gallop, where a foot might slip and spoil a stride, and had cunningly begun a swift trot; if the forefoot didn't catch, the rear foot across from it would—and she pulled on and on, so that at the last turn the buyer and Hi were so close together that they could have read the same newspaper, if they had been carrying newspapers.

As Hi went on past, the buyer glanced at him and at Euclid's calm face as she did what she had known she was going to do all along—moved steadily ahead of the galloping horse.

"Fooled, by jiminies!"

"Ow!" said Hi, and went on past the stick at the store door.



Big Mouth met him.

"You will be called——" Hi didn't catch it all, but the Indians, as usual, shortened the long name "Small-One-Who-Rides-on-the-Wind to Piacheesawah—which is to say, "He came flying."

After that, Big Mouth raced the horse against a great many people, and in the snow and the soft tracks of spring, Euclid's big feet and long gait almost never failed. A man from Tennessee beat her once because she was too sure of herself and the Tennessee horse happened to have big hoofs and long legs, too, and had been brought up on mountain roads. When Euclid tried to catch up with her, after playing for a while, she couldn't do it. Also a man from Missouri won, riding a Kentucky horse. Euclid almost caught up at the end but she had been too slow at the start. With these two exceptions, however, she lived up to the trust of Hi and the Indians.

Big Mouth was as good as his word. One evening he came to the cabin and asked Jesse, his very good friend, to bring Hi down to the dance of the White Buffalo. Jesse said that they would come.

"What in the world does all that mean?" Mrs. Ellison asked, after Big Mouth had gone.

"I'll know better when I come back," Mr. Ellison said. "The Sauk are about to make our Indian a brave. After this he will be a man—brave and honorable and diligent in all things. It's a great honor. Of course, he's very young to be a brave but they think he's been an unusually good Sauk and they're jumping their rules."

"Hoongh!" said Hi, with great dignity.

"Even if you are a brave," his mother said, "you wash your face



before supper right now.”

“Hoongh!” said Hal.

Hi looked at his knife and then at Hal. “You need a haircut,” he said. “Hoongh!”

“We don’t want any family scalps around here,” Mr. Ellison said firmly. “You save your activity to use on the Sioux. But we won’t be here for supper, Mother. River Heron got a bear today and Hi and I are having bear stew. You *chemokemons* will have to eat without us.”

There was great excitement in the Sauk camp when Hi and his father got there. Bears were very rarely seen in that part of Ioway and when a hunter killed one it was almost as if someone had brought home an elephant to roast. The women—only lazy, ignorant or dirty women



were called "squaws"—had the feast-kettle boiling out in the center of the square of wickiups—rough shelters made of brush—and five hundred feet from the camp Hi and Jesse could smell the rich "b'ar" meat stewing. Every kind of vegetable that could be kept over winter was in the big pot—onions, beans, potatoes and even apples and the herbs that the women knew—some of them gathered even in winter.

"Wheel!" said Hi's father, sniffing. "They aren't going to have to hold a knife at my throat to make me eat that! Onions! Next to b'ar meat I like onions. B'ar meat and onions together you can't beat."

"Sauk woman make what is good. She make it good." Hi, the Sauk brave about-to-be, said with dignity.

"I will make something good if you don't talk English," Hi's father said. "I'll make a good blue spot on your Section 9, Range 24, South Elevation, that will remind you that you were an Ellison before you were a Sauk."

"Yes, Papa."

Euclid began to mumble to herself and weave and stick out her

tongue. There were a great many people gathered and though it was growing rather dark it was best not to take a chance—there might be a race on hand. The tribe gave yells. The same silly behavior of Euclid's had almost kept them through the winter. Any Indian who needed a dollar or two could always work up a race for Euclid. Someone rushed for corn and two braves took the horses as Hi and his father jumped off.

Little Big Mouth ran up. He said, "My brother!" in Sauk.

"Hello, you old hound dog," Hi said. "Daddy and I want some of that bear."

Little Big Mouth smiled and then grew sober. "For the men and those who will soon be men, the best of the meat will be kept." He spoke to Hi apart from all the others at this time. "You will be a man, tonight, and I have still to do something that will make me a man. Till then, you are my elder. I listen to you."

"No," said Hi. "I don't want that."

"You do," said Big Mouth's father. "You do, indeed. You are white and a child, but you are no longer white and a child. You are a brave of the Sauk. You must not say that you will not be a brave. I gave my word, one thing, but you fought and rode and we knew that you were some Sauk come back to us. The Manitou knew where you should be. Tonight you will be a brave of the Sauk. Sometime, perhaps, a chief of honor."

"I'll do the best I can," Hi said. "I'll do all I can."

They went in to the log cabin and there were five small packages spread in the middle of the floor—the middle one, which had feathers from redbirds and bluejays, a bear's tooth, some cornelians and a few other odds and ends was the Little White Buffalo; the others were made



up much the same but they were smaller. They were the Sacred Packs of the Little White Buffalo's hooves. Each pack had a special ceremony and special dances.

Hi began to feel very shaky indeed, but he tried not to show it. All around the walls, smoking tobacco, were the braves of this settlement of the Sauk and Foxes. They looked at him gravely but no one spoke.

Big Mouth spoke to Hi's father. "My brother, since our brave, Small-One-Who-Rides-on-the-Wind, has no uncle, it is fit that you should be his elder, to tell him how he should do. For even the older warriors must sometimes be advised by wiser men. So you must be the elder brave, One-with-Wisdom-and-a-Long-Eye (he meant Mr. Ellison's telescope on his transit, which all the Indians had admired) and I give you here a pipe, a belt, a knife and a bullet for the Sioux. You are a brave of Keokuk's men."

"I am honored," Mr. Ellison said gravely. "In all ways I will try to be a worthy brave and to tell your Small-One-Who-Rides-on-the-Wind the ways of good men."

When Big Mouth had translated this the warriors said "Hoongh" and gave an extra puff on their pipes and nodded. This was a *chemoke-mon* who did not talk too much and said the right words.

Big Mouth gave Hi a pipe, a knife—which he didn't need right now, since he had a better one, but he might lose it—an ornamented belt, a package of tobacco and a bullet.

"Now," Big Mouth said, "you are surely a brave of the Sauks and a Wolf, since you are blood brother to my son." He made a long and impressive speech after that about what was expected of Sauks and Foxes



and of the fine clan of the Wolves.

When he sat down everyone said "Hoongh" which was the same as people clapping and stamping their feet in a moving-picture theater. Jesse Ellison filled his pipe and began to smoke, and Hi, grinning inside because he had his father where he couldn't say anything, filled *his* pipe and began to smoke.

Hi's father acted as if he didn't see it or care about it. One by one the braves got up and went out to where the women were dipping up the bear stew with big wooden and earthenware ladles.

Hi's father waited for a while. By and by Hi knocked out his pipe and sat quietly looking at the wall.



"Well, come on, Hi," Mr. Ellison said. "Let's get out and have a big dish of that stew."

Hi said, "Bltrg. Blump. Blurg!"

"I don't know much of the language you other braves talk," Mr. Ellison said. "Say it in white man's language."

"Bloog," said Hi. "Blook."

"Maybe if Small-One-Who-Rides-on-the-Wind would come out and get a bite of fresh air he would feel like knocking down some Sioux with that pipe and then having a bite of bear."

"Yes, sir," Hi said faintly.

He and Jesse walked around for a while till finally Hi began to like

the bear-meat smell again. It was, however, the last time he ever took advantage of being a brave to smoke his pipe.

Hi finally distinguished himself by eating with his fingers, from a platter of birchbark, about as much b'ar meat as the biggest brave present. At the very last they brought Hi and his father the best pieces, the front paws, still with skin and claws. The Indians never bothered to skin below the first joint of the bear's legs, but the front paw was the same as a well-cooked pig's-knuckle or a chicken's drumstick.

Hi reached for his knife to deal with this piece of meat, but his father shook his head. Jesse had lived with some Indians and fought others twenty years before, back in New York State. Hi watched his father break the skin with his teeth and pull it back with his fingers.

Then Hi did the same, as if he'd done that all his life.

Then the women said, "Hoongh."

Afterward, they all danced in the big house where Jesse and Hi had been made braves, because the new braves should know the ceremonies of the tribe, and have the help of the manitous in whatever they did.

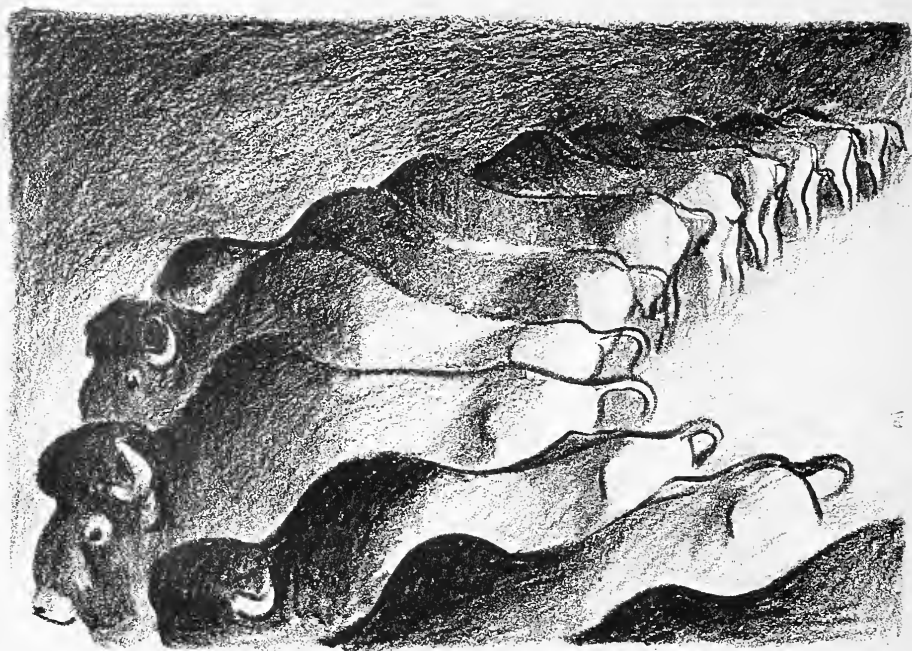
A man played a hide drum with his hands; another played on a wooden flute; men sat about and sang and several women merely made tones, with their mouths closed—crooned and hummed. They sang:

Nosah, nosah, neenah—nosah, nosah neenah—

Hayonchiwee geseega-paweewatchee yo manetowagi ayohee—

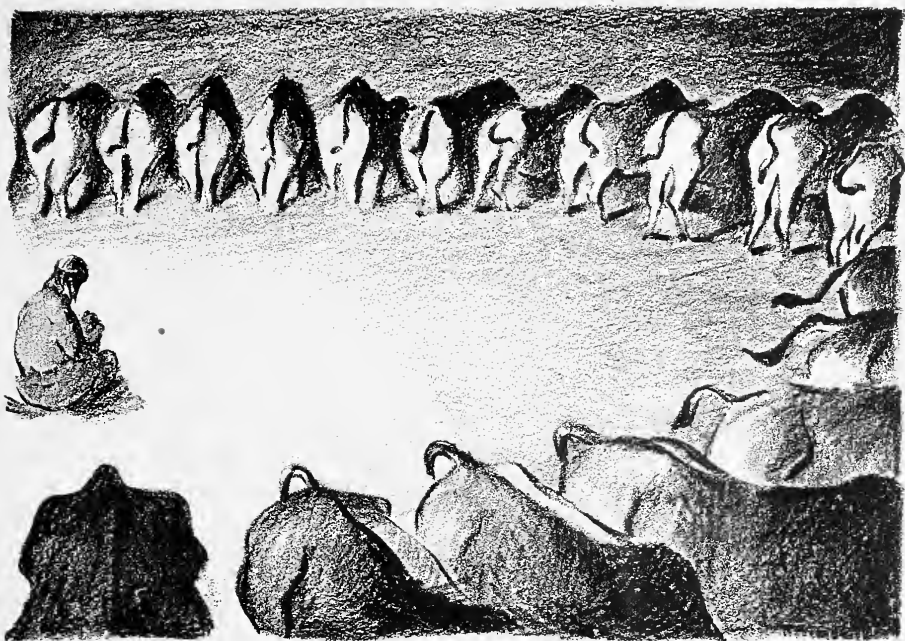
It meant, "My father, my father—the manitous will keep you as long as the world lasts." But "*nosah, neenah*" really meant the forests and not their own fathers, because the forests were the fathers of the tribes.





While the others danced, Big Mouth told Jesse and Hi the story of the tribal manitou, Wisaka. "When Wisaka was born, he was surely kept from danger by the White Buffalo. Soon everyone knew that the White Buffalo was a powerful manitou. Before Wisaka was old enough to walk, his mother was lost with him. The Sioux came while they slept but when they woke there were no Sioux—only a ring of buffalo who guarded them. A manitou told the father of Wisaka to go to a place at noon where he would find the mother and the boy! They were there.

"Afterward, it was known that Wisaka himself was a manitou, so that they watched him. He was a prophet, a spirit, goodness and wisdom sent by the Great Manitou for the Sauk and the Foxes. He told what



to do, he told all things before their time. Finally he went back to the Great Manitou but he promised that we should be welcome as we came if we were all good people of the tribe. That is why it is right to dance and sing for Wisaka and the White Buffalo."

The dance died down slowly after all the proper ceremonies had been performed. Jesse rose, and Hi after him, holding up their empty hands for a moment to show that they left, as they had come, in friendship.

"Great guns!" said Hi, a moment later.

Someone had thatched a wickiup with new willow sprouts and Euclid had eaten half of them.



Chapter V

CHIEF EUCLID



ORE people came to Ioway with the spring. The path over which Jesse had driven his oxen and the horses became first a rough road and then a highway. Fursten's store was crowded all the time. He had built two cabins to join it but still people slept on blankets on the floor in the main store, out of the wind, almost every night. Others were sent on to settlers near by. The Ellisons had visitors every day or so.

It was on an April evening that Big Mouth came and rapped on the cabin door. He saluted Hi gravely and then said, "Where is the One-with-Wisdom-and-the-Long-Eye?"

Hi bowed low to the chief. "He and brother will be here right away. They're settling fence for the new people, the Mounces, up the river."

"Mr. Mounce," Big Mouth said gravely. "A good man. But that closes every way around us, even across the river. Ah, there they come."

Jesse and Ed had appeared on their horses far down the road that ran beside the river.

"Come in by the fire," Hi said. "The evening is cold."

Jesse had built a little kitchen cabin beside his first one. Later, in the spring, he intended to bake bricks from some clay he had found at the creek bank and make a big house. This was partly because he wanted a better house and partly because people around him owed him money they wouldn't be able to pay for years; very well, they would gladly work to build his house and be out of debt.

Big Mouth went through the kitchen and past the deerskin curtain that Hi held back for him into the main room where Mrs. Ellison was just saying, "Plague on it!" because the yarn she was spinning from the pile of wool on her lap had fooled her and broken. She usually knew exactly how much to feed in, but the sheep and their wool had been unusually heavy this spring and it was hard to guess just how much to twist into the spindle to make the hanks perfectly even.

"No," said Big Mouth, "wish no harm on it, because it may go into the breeches of my young brother here. And suppose he should leap at the dance and your plague should suddenly come up behind him!"

Mrs. Ellison laughed. "Well, if his breeches tore he'd be as well dressed as your boy was when the youngsters were making their bonfire the other night. Take a mug of hot cider from the kettle and sit down. Jesse'll be right along."

They heard the horses in the house pasture, the lot where they kept the animals they might need to use at any minute.

Jesse came in, stamping his boots and singing happily:

Oh, sinners dread the awful fate
That doth the scornful all await;
You cannot now to Heaven aspire
While seeking *the* perpetual fire.

"My brother," said Big Mouth, quietly, touching his hand.

Hi, Hal and Ed came in and they all sat silently drinking hot cider.

Big Mouth put down his mug. "My brothers, we move on now. The Sauk and the Fox have dropped back slowly—from the North in what you call Canada; from our father's graves across the Mesasabi, down to the Pigitanwi, which you call Missouri, where it meets the Mesasabi,



back to Chequest and Keosauqua, the beautiful place, and now we must move again."

"What!" Hi was surprised to see his father spring to his feet and bring his hand down to his sheath knife so swiftly that it was hard to see the motion. "You've already gone beyond the Mesasabi—Mississippi, I mean—and now some rascal is trying to drive you from your camp!"

Big Mouth drew himself up and to his last days, seventy years later, Hi never forgot:

"Sometimes defeat with dignity is better than victory with disgrace."

"By the Manitou!" Hi's father said. "This is our place! It's my own farm. We've eaten and lived together. Nobody can take a speck of it away from me."

Big Mouth smiled sadly. "If it could be so! You are one of us, we would live quietly and know that everything was good, if you owned the place. But the great men in the East will bring soldiers at a later time. And we are going. We will always know that you are our brothers."

"Come up on the farm, Big Mouth. This is mine. They may push you around but I want to see the first man that claims my land."

Big Mouth smiled. "What could a tribe do on one farm?"

Jesse nodded. "That's right. I can't do anything, my brother—I can't do a thing. I don't even own this farm myself. I just came here where other people didn't want to go and cleared it off, and built a house, and put in corn and wheat—and now the land speculators can come and buy it and sell it again, with our cabin and all our work thrown in. No one thought that many people would come here."

"*Ow*. Wherever we may be we are braves and brothers."

Hi stirred at the side of the fireplace. "If that speculator has a horse we might be able to do something."

"The youngest brave!" said Big Mouth. "He will be a chief in his time."

Hi had to smile at this. Being a brave of the tribe was something like being elected to Congress; when you were a chief you were good enough to run for President—as good as Martin Van Buren or Keokuk. Hi still didn't feel, truly, that any of the Sioux braves would run from him unless he had the help of some of his larger Sauk brothers, though he knew *he*

wouldn't run from *them* under any circumstances, and Nellie-Euclid could be meaner than sin if any stranger bothered her. Euclid was big enough to be a chief and she would probably want Hi for Vice-President.

"I'll do everything I can, Mister Big Mouth—I mean, Brother!"

"Let me tell you, Piacheesawah, that the women are ready to destroy the gardens which they have made for many years. Many of our older men have already seen our people's graves, across the Mesasabi, plowed by the *chemokemon*. It will be the same here but if it is my own grave they insult, it will not be so hard for me—I will be with the Manitou where no hurt or shame can come."

"After all," Hi's father said, "there is a great deal of land to the west the stranger could have. There is no reason why he should take your wickiups and land, except for the cut timber and the plowing all ready for him." He trifled with his knife. "Perhaps he is not a very brave man—perhaps he would listen to—reason."

Big Mouth smiled sadly. "No—old Chief Black Hawk tried that. It only means soldiers—our homes burned and our goods taken. And still—" he said thoughtfully, "he must have a horse to have come so far—and every man thinks, of course, that he has a good horse—"

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Let young Piacheesawah try his plan. It is a last hope. If he wins the man will go on and we will stay. If he loses we will go in peace—we will not salt the fields or burn the fences and the cabins. That is, if he will run the race."

"My brother," Hi said gravely, "when he sees Nellie-Euclid—the hedgehog with a funny face and strange legs you sent for once—I think he'll want to take the easy chance to have the ground in peace."



"The Sauk hate lying," Big Mouth said severely. "You must tell the man that Ooklid is very swift."

"Of course," said Hi. "He might not believe me, though."

"Distrust is as bad as lying," Hi's father said. "If this man attempts to profit through the belief of a very young brave in his horse, we can forgive you for an act that is—not quite—as it looks, or as Euclid looks."

"The Sauk hate war," said Big Mouth, "but when the Sioux had killed our braves and stolen our children and burned our cabins for many years, we did not tell them where our warriors were gathered to end their thefts."

"No," said Hi's father, "we used to be quiet about telling the British what we were really planning to do in 1813. Well, if we can kind of figure that Hi is a general, this once, I guess it would be all right for him not to show Euclid off at her best the very first thing."

Big Mouth smiled. "We Sauk will excuse it." He turned to Hi seriously. "Listen, my nephew and my brother! We have heard of a



chemokemon who once rode to save his nation—one named Powl Rahveer.” Big Mouth swung his blanket across his shoulder and down to the hip. He strode to the door. “We have made you a brave of the Sauk, Piacheesawah.”

“I know,” Hi said humbly. “If I don’t beat him you can—you can take back my pipe.”

Euclid had done some magnificent things in the way of being a complete nervous and physical wreck in her time but no one who had ever known her or any other horse had ever seen an animal of any kind that seemed so likely to crumble into dust as Euclid when she appeared at the trader’s store the next day. She plopped her feet in the soft ground unsteadily, tossing Hi from one side to the other, till he grabbed her hide at the shoulders to save himself.

She almost went down on one knee once but caught herself by taking

three steps sideways and then her back feet slid and she nearly sat down. Hi slid up and down and across her back like a pat of butter.

Big Mouth had sent River Heron to tell Mr. Fursten all about everything he needed to know the night before.

Mr. Fursten came out and said, "Hey, son! Get off that before you get broken up."

Mr. Fursten said quietly to the man with him, "His father's one of the best heads around here. He's a surveyor. If he took a notion to argue about boundaries it might take years and years in the courts and dollars and dollars."

The plump man with the Eastern-made suit and furry high hat said, "Well, he's never going to need much land around here for his heirs. Look at the way the boy rides that horse. If his daddy lets him out like that again, I wouldn't bet a nickel on his neck."

Hi came up and tumbled off his horse. "You wouldn't, humnh? Well, this is my horse and I'll bet Euclid against whatever you've got that your horse can't beat her." He was very indignant. Euclid not worth a nickel! He'd *show* him.

The land speculator laughed. "Oh, shut your mouth, son."

Hi pulled out his knife at once. It didn't frighten the land buyer but a dozen or so Indians who closed in quickly did frighten him. Hi put his knife back and the Indians shuffled away. They knew they couldn't whip the whole United States and they didn't want to try but it was a Sauk's duty to do anything he could for a brother brave.

"Do you want to bet?" Hi asked, again.

The round-faced man looked Euclid over. "I don't know what I'll do



with the scarecrow. What can I bet?"

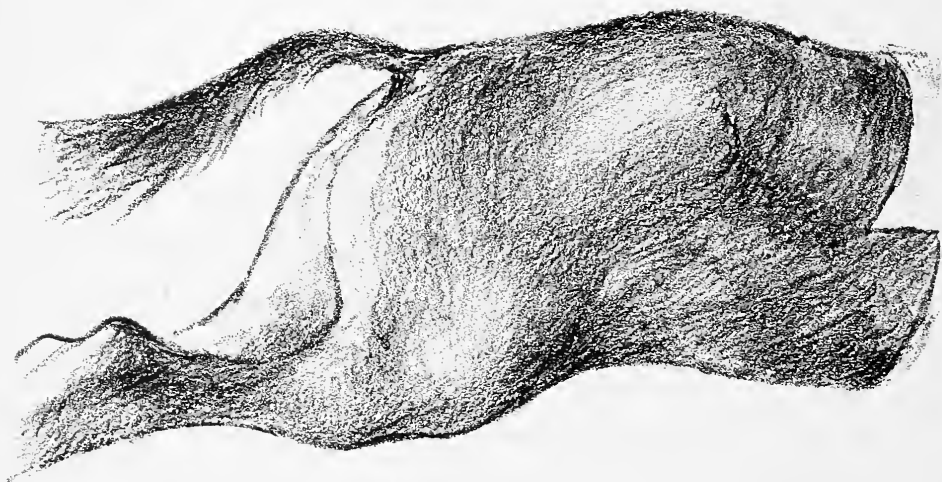
Big Mouth said suddenly, "Our ground. His horse against our ground. If he loses, we go away and it is yours. If he wins, you had better be sure that the ground is ours, if you hope to live to be old. If you had taken it you would not have lived long. But if you beat him you will have his horse and we will go away at once."

The speculator laughed. "I don't see why we make such a fuss about it. Why don't we run?"

Big Mouth put his hand on Hi's shoulder for a moment and said quietly, "My nephew—do you understand?"

"I understand," Hi said, with his mouth and face tight.

Hi said to Euclid, "Do you understand?"



She didn't say anything. Mr. Fursten slapped his hands.

Euclid lost the lead on her slow start by the usual thirty feet or so. Then in the soft river sand of the Low Road she pulled almost even, but on the hard uphill ground the other horse was the faster. When they cut downhill on soft ground Euclid's big feet brought her up again.

"Euclid, Euclid, Do you understand?" Hi often spoke to her that way when they were not even racing. "Euclid!"



There was a horse ahead of her. Well, there wouldn't be!

"Euclid!"

When there was a log fence or a brook or he was in a hurry—

"Euclid!"

Euclid went across the line and began to act like a complete fool. She knew when a race was over. There had been a horse just behind her but that was all right. Her boss didn't care so long as it was behind.

Chapter VI

KASKAHAHMWAH!

(He creditably finished!)



BIG MOUTH came to the cabin that evening with two strange Indians. He was in ceremonial dress and so were the strangers. Big Mouth gravely introduced the strangers as Chief River Heron from a camp a few miles up the river, to the North, and Chief Hedgehog from a tribe out on the plains to the West.

They exchanged "*Ow's*" with the people in the cabin and then they produced a fine feather headdress, taken from the Sioux years before; next there was a belt on which the women, the arrowmaker and the man who stamped patterns on leather had done their best work. There was a loop for holster and knife. These they put on Hi. Then they gave him a chief's necklace of bears' teeth and pierced agates and colored stones.

"You are no longer the brave, 'Small-One-Who-Rides-on-the-Wind'; you are Chief Piacheesawah—the Chief-Who-Comes-Flying. You will not be Chief of so small a thing as a tribe, but Chief of all who ride horses. Should you meet a Sauk who is a stranger, he will know your place by this belt and necklace."

"Oh, golly!" said Hi. The honor could hardly be believed—it was heavy on his shoulders. A chief must be noble and wise on all occasions and Hi wasn't absolutely certain that he was wise enough or noble enough—there had been a slight difficulty with his mother about some doughnuts a few days before—to uphold the credit of a Sauk Chief.



"You have won the land of a Fox tribe," Chief River Heron said. "Surely a man who has given a tribe its ground should be a Chief."

"I am going soon to Burlington," Jesse said. "It is your land, truly, but it will soon be my land, as the *chemokemon* in the East deals. There will be no soldiers. There will be no lawyers. I welcome you as you have welcomed me."

"That is said like a Chief, and you must now be one as Piacheesawah."

Big Mouth lifted his shoulders. "You are a brave, but other *chemokemon* are not. Surely when sisters and nephews leave, all must follow—we must be together. But now we can stay for a time."

The Sioux headdress, made for a six-foot brave and chief, made a train of about a foot behind Hi. Mrs. Ellison had now sewed the headdress up at the shoulders of his jacket so that the feathers wouldn't drag on the floor, and this made him a neat pair of wings.

Suddenly Big Mouth broke out of his grave demeanor and pointed at the feathered ruffles at Hi's shoulders.

"Truly named—Piacheesawah—he comes flying."

Hi drew himself up and lifted his head. "Truly named—Big Mouth."

The three Chiefs laughed but Big Mouth said gently, "Your brother."







